

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, London, W
[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 43—No. 11.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1865.

PRICE 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. MAPLESON begs to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Subscribers, that the OPERA SEASON will commence on Saturday in Easter week (April 22nd). The prospectus, which will contain features of musical interest, will be issued in due course. *March 14th, 1865.*

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD'S MATINEE
DINIVATION, at the Beethoven Rooms, 76, Harley-street, on Monday, March 27th, 1865, to commence at Three o'clock. Artists—Vocalists, Madlle. LEBLANC and Mr. PATEY; Instrumentalists—Violin, Herr LOUIS DIEHL; Violoncello, Signor PIZZI; Pianoforte—Madame ALICE MANGOLD, Miss PEPPERELL (Amateur—pupil of Herr Louis Diehl), and the Misses HARRIS and CATHERINE ENGLEBACH (Amateurs—pupils of Madame Alice Mangold). Conductor, Herr LOUIS DIEHL.

MARCH 30th.—MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR,
St. James's Hall. Sacred Music, Mme. Parepa, Mr. Sims Reeves. Tickets, 6s., 3s., 2s., 1s., stall tickets for four, 21s. ADDISON & LUCAS, 210, Regent-street; HAMMOND, 214, Regent-street; KEITH, PAOWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly, and all music-sellers.

MUSICAL UNION.—Members having nominations to send names and address to the Director, and pay their subscriptions before Easter, at the usual place. The eight Matinees take place Tuesdays, April 25th, May 9th, 23rd, June 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th, and July 4th. JOACHIM, AUBA, PIATTI, HALLÉ, JARLL, LUBBECK, and Madame SCHUMANN, are engaged. Members can visit the Institute on Mondays, from 2 to 4, where a fine oil portrait of Mozart, by Pompei Battoni, Autographs, &c., are to be seen. *J. ELLA, 18, Hanover Square.*

PRIZE QUARTETS.—SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The Committee beg to remind intending competitors for the prizes offered for the best and second best Quartets for Pianoforte, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello, that the 31st inst. is the LAST DAY on which their works can be received. Printed conditions can be had on application in writing to the Secretary, Mr. W. W. GRICE, Messrs. COLLARD & 16, Grosvenor-street, W.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor Mr. COSTA. Friday, March 24th, HAYDN'S "Creation." Principal Vocalists, Madame LEMMENS-SHERINGTON, Messrs. SIMS REEVES, MOSTEN SMITH, and Mr. PATEY. Tickets, 5s.; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; at the Society's office, 6, Exeter Hall. Subscription Concert.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE
Rooms.—Ladies and Gentlemen who propose using these rooms for concerts, balls, lectures, entertainments, readings, soirées, matinees, fancy fairs, wedding breakfasts, &c., or holding religious or other meetings, are respectfully invited to make immediate application, as engagements are being rapidly made. Apply to Mr. Payne, at the rooms; or to Robert Cocks and Co., 6, New Burlington Street.—ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The First NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT will be on WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 5th. The Public Rehearsal on Saturday Afternoon, April 1st.—W. G. NICHOLS, Hon. Sec.

BRIGHTON.—MONSIEUR E. DE PARIS' Fourth Quartet Concert on TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 21st. Piano, M. Ed. de Paris; Violin, Herr Pollitzer; Vocalist, Fraulein Mehlhorn. Programme—Weber's Piano Quartet; Beethoven's Quartet, No. 6; Variations from Haydn's No. 17, and Mayseider's Piano Trio in B minor.

HOGARTH TESTIMONIAL.—The Subscribers are respectfully informed that the Testimonial to be presented to Mr. GEORGE HOGARTH, may be seen, until the 28th inst., at the publishing office of Mr. DUNCAN DAVISON, 244, Regent Street, who has kindly consented to give every information respecting the expenditure of the fund collected.—CAMPELL CLARKE, Hon. Sec., 24, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

MARSHALL HALL BELL'S (pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes) MORNING CONCERT at the Hanover Square Rooms, on FRIDAY, 28th APRIL, when he will play Solos by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Thalberg, &c., and accompanying a choice selection of vocal music.

BRISTOL MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

MADRIGAL PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE Bristol Madrigal Society invite competition for three prizes which they offer for Madrigals to be written in four, five, six or more parts to English words. The prizes are of the following value, and will be thus awarded:—

To the writer of the best Madrigal	£25
To the writer of the second best Madrigal	£15
To the writer of the third best Madrigal	£10

Competitors are requested to attend to the following regulations:— MSS. are to be sent by book post (postage paid) to the president of the society, Alfred Bleack, Esq., 9, Redcliff-parade, Bristol, on or before the 1st day of September, 1865. After this date no MS. will be received. On the first page of the MS. are to be written the words "Madrigal Prize Competition," and a motto, but no name. By the same post the competitor is to forward a letter, containing a sealed envelope, in which is to be enclosed his name and address, and on the outside of which is to be written the motto inscribed by him on his manuscript music. The envelopes of only the successful competitors will be opened. Unsuccessful competitors can have back their MSS. on forwarding to the President the amount of postage and the address to which they desire the MSS. shall be sent.

The composers of the madrigals to which the prizes shall be awarded will retain the copyright of their respective compositions, but they shall not be at liberty to publish the same until at least six months after the date of the award, except with the consent of the Bristol Madrigal Society. *A. E. NASH, Hon. Sec. 30 Broad Street, Bristol, March, 1865.*

WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday Mornings May 6th, May 27th, June 17th.

3, Onslow Terrace, N.W.

MISS MINA POOLE will sing the whole of the Soprano in the "Creation," at Leamington, April 5th, and Lynn, 21st. Communications respecting Oratorios, Concerts, &c., address to her residence, 174, Camden Road Villas, N.W.

MISS FREETH begs to announce her removal to 48, Burlington Road, St. Stephen's Square, Bayswater.

MR. PATEY will sing, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at Madame ALICE MANGOLD'S Matinée, at the Beethoven Rooms, Monday, March 27th.

MR. CHARLES ADAMS, First Principal Tenor at the Royal English Opera, Covent Gardens, will complete his engagement at the King's Theatre, Berlin, in a few days, and return to London. All communications, respecting engagements for Mr. C. ADAMS, in Town or Country, are to be addressed to Mr. MARTIN CAWOOD, Royal English Opera, Covent Garden.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his popular Pianoforte Solos, "Waverley," "Silver Ripples," and "Distant Music," at Jedburg, Monday, March 20th; Coldstream, 21st; Berwick-on-Tweed, 22nd; Dunse, 23rd; Dunbar, 24th; and Glasgow, 25th. Communications to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent-street.

MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honor to announce that her classes for the practice of vocal concerted music (ladies only), will commence after Easter.—50, Bedford Square.

MADLLE. GEORGI AND MADLLE. CONSTANCE
GEORGI, having fulfilled their engagements at Barcelona and Madrid, will arrive in London March 20th. All communications are requested to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MILLE. TITIENS will Sing Signor RANDEGGER's admired Cradle Song "Peacefully Slumber," throughout her Provincial Tour.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE, who had the distinguished honor of a command from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has returned to Town. Address, 9, Soho Square.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce her Removal to No. 1, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to inform her friends and pupils that she has removed to 20A, Princes Square, Hyde Park, W.

MADemoisELLE LIEBHART.—All letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS, in London or the Provinces, for Mdlle. Liebhart, to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, 244, Regent Street, or to Mdlle. Liebhart's residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY," composed by W. Vincent Wallace, at Windsor, March 21st.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will Sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," Composed by A. REICHARDT, at Edinburgh, THIS DAY, March 18.

MISS PALMER LISLE will Sing RANDEGGER's admired Cradle Song "PEACEFULLY SLEEP," at Mr. Dyson's Concert, Windsor, March 23.

MR. SYDNEY SMITH begs to announce that he has returned from Paris.—30, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE will sing Signor Randegger's new song, "Beneath the blue transparent sky," (a song of Venice) at the City Hall, Glasgow, Saturday evening, March 28th.

TO COMPOSERS ABOUT TO PUBLISH.

TO MUSICSELLERS, COMPOSERS, &c.—Works Engraved and Printed, in the best style, at very moderate prices, by F. BOWCHER, 3 Little Marlborough Street.

THE TIMES and **TELEGRAPH GALOP**, for Piano. Composed by E. E. ARMSTRONG. 3s.; free for 19 stamps. Finely illustrated. London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington-street.

O YE TEARS, O YE TEARS, Ballad.—Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON will SING FRANZ ABT's Ballad, O YE TEARS, O YE TEARS, at the CRYSTAL PALACE, THIS DAY. Composer of the "Cuckoo Song," "Good Morning," "Kathleen Aroon," "O Rosy Morn," and the Sacred Son., "He giveth His beloved sleep," &c. Each 2s. 6d.; free for 16 stamps. London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington-street.

"AT MORNING'S BREAK"

(MORGEN FENSTERLN)

MDLLE. LIEBHART'S Admired Song, sung by the Popular Austrian Vocalist, is published, price 3s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co. 244, Regent Street, W.

W. GANZ, "La Voglia,"

MAZURKA DE CONCERT.

THIS ELEGANT MAZURKA, by the composer of the popular "Qui Vive" Galop, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON, 244, Regent-street.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE 3s., "SO CHE PER GIOCO." BARCAROLLE. The poetry by METASTASIO. The Music by ADOLFO FERRARI. "My home is on the mountain." The poetry by JESSICA RANKIN. The music by ADOLFO FERRARI, price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

"Two songs, the one Italian and the other English, from the pen of Signor Adolpho Ferrari, have just been published by Messrs. DAVISON and Co. The first is a barcarolle, "So che per gioco," the poetry from Metastasio, whose sweet verses have inspired the composer with a melody in the pure Italian style—the style of the great old masters, the Jomellis and Cimarosas of the last century. It is indeed a gem of simplicity, grace, and feeling. The other is an English ballad, "My home is on the mountain," the poetry by Miss Jessica Rankin; less remarkable than its Italian companion, but exceedingly elegant and pleasing.—(*Illustrated News*.)

Published this Day.

HAREBELL'S FIFTH MAZURKA CHARACTER-ISTIQUE for the PIANOFORTE, composed by WALTER MACFARREN. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W., where may be obtained, "TARANTELLA" for the Pianoforte, composed by WALTER MACFARREN.

Just published, price 3s.,

"MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS."

("Mein Herz ist im Hochland.")

COMPOSED BY ALEXANDRE REICHARDT,

Composer of "Thou art so near and yet so far."

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.
NEW AND REVISED EDITION. Price 12s.,

NEW MUSIC.

GOUNOD'S NEW OPERA,

THE

Mock Doctor, (LE MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI).

By CH. GOUNOD (Composer of "Faust.")

Performed at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, with the greatest success. The Opera complete, with French or English Words, 16s.

The following are Just Published:—

The Overture. For Pianoforte. Price 4s.; Duet, 5s.

Nava.—Favourite Airs. For the Pianoforte. Price 5s.

Kuhe.—Fantasia. On favourite airs, including "The Faggot-binders' Chorus." Price 4s.

G. A. Osborne.—Faggot-binders' Chorus. Arranged for the Pianoforte. 3s.

Richards.—Serenade. Arranged for the Pianoforte. Price 2s. 6d.

H. W. Goodban—Soft and Low (Sung by CORRI). Transcribed for the Pianoforte. 3s.

Go Wander Through the World. Sung by Mdlle. FANNY HUDDART. Price 2s. 6d.

In Youth's Season. Serenade. Sung by Mr. HAIGH. Price 2s. 6d.

Prison'd in a Cage. Sung by Mr. HAIGH. Price 2s. 6d.

Woman's Vengeance. Sung by Miss POOLE. Price 2s. 6d.

Soft and Low. The drinking song. Sung by Mr. CORRI. Price 3s.

Quadrille. By CAMILLE SCHUBERT. Illustrated. Price, Solo or Duet, 4s.

Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

LIFE OF JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.*

PREFACE.

I have for many years had the intention of communicating to the public an account of the Life of John Sebastian Bach, with some information and reflections upon his Genius and Works; because, the short essay by C. Ph. Eman. Bach, and Mr. Agricola, formerly composer to the Prussian court, which is inserted in the third volume of "Mitzler's Musical Library," can hardly satisfy the admirers of that great man. I should certainly have executed my purpose long ago, had I not been hitherto so much engaged in the composition of the General History of Music. As Bach, more than any other artist, has made an era in the history of this art, I resolved to reserve for the last volume of the above work, the materials which I had collected for the history of his life. The laudable determination of Messrs. Hoffmeister and Kühnel, music dealers and publishers at Leipzig, to publish a complete and critically correct edition of Sebastian Bach's works, induced me to change my intention.

This undertaking is not only of the highest advantage, in every respect, to the art itself, but must contribute, more than any other of the kind, to the honour of the German name.—The works which John Sebastian Bach has left us are an invaluable national patrimony, with which no other nation has anything to be compared. Whoever rescues them from the danger of being disfigured by faulty copies, and being thus gradually consigned to oblivion, erects to the artist an imperishable monument and deserves well of his country; and every one to whom the honour of the German name is dear is bound to support such a patriotic undertaking and to promote it to the utmost of his power. I considered it as my duty to remind the public of this obligation, to rouse this noble enthusiasm in the breast of every true German; and this is the reason why these pages appear earlier than they would otherwise have done. I hope also that I shall be able in this manner to address a greater number of my German contemporaries: what I have to say of Bach, in my History of Music, might perhaps be read by only the small number of persons learned in the art, and the preservation of the memory of this great man (let me be allowed to repeat it) is an object in which not merely the interest of the art, but the honour of the nation itself, is deeply involved.

The most efficacious means of preserving in lasting vigour musical works of art is undoubtedly the public execution of them before a numerous audience: by these means a number of great works always has been, and still continues to be, extensively circulated. The public hears them first with pleasure in the concert room, the church, or the theatre, remembers the pleasing impression, and purchases them on publication, perhaps without being able to make any use of them. But where, through whom, shall the public hear Bach's works, as the number of persons capable of performing them in a proper manner has always been extremely limited? The case would have been very different if Bach could have publicly executed them himself in several places; but for this he had neither time nor inclination. Whenever one of his scholars did it, though none of them executed them in the same perfection as their master, the astonishment and admiration of the auditors never failed to be excited by such extraordinary effusions of an art, so great, and yet so easily to be comprehended. Whoever was at all able, then played at least some of the pieces, over which the scholar of Bach had the most command, and which consequently gave the most pleasure. Nobody found these pieces difficult, because they had heard before how they ought to sound.

Before a true relish of great musical compositions can become more general, we must above all things have better music masters. The want of good teachers is properly the source of all musical evil. In order to maintain his own credit, the unskilful, and even ill-informed teacher, must necessarily give his pupils a bad opinion of good works, because he might otherwise run the risk of being asked by his scholar to play them to him. Thus the pupil is obliged to spend his time, labour and money on useless jingle, and, in half a dozen years, is perhaps not a step farther advanced in real musical knowledge than he was at the beginning. With better instruction, he would not have wanted half the time, trouble and money to be put into a way on which he might have safely advanced progressively to greater perfection all his life. Time will shew us how much this evil may be checked by the exposing of the works of Bach to sale at least, in all music shops, and by the connoisseurs and admirers of real musical genius, joining to extol their merit and recommend the study of them.

It is certain that if the art is to remain an art and not to be degraded into a mere idle amusement, more use must be made of classical works than has been done for some time past. Bach, as the first classic that ever was, or perhaps ever will be, can incontestably perform the most important services in this respect. A person who has for some time studied his works will readily distinguish mere jingle from real music, and will shew himself a good and well-informed artist in whatever

style he may choose in the sequel. The study of classic writers who, like Bach, have exhausted the whole extent of the art, is besides eminently calculated to preserve the student from that partial knowledge to which the prevailing taste of the day so easily leads. In a word, it would be no less injurious to musical science to throw aside the classics in our art, than it would be prejudicial to good taste in literature to banish the study of the Greeks and Romans from our schools. The spirit of the times, which is directed rather to trifles capable of affording immediate, though fleeting, enjoyment, than to what is great and cannot be attained without some pains and even efforts, has, in fact at least, really led to a proposal to banish the Greeks and Romans from our schools, and it is not to be doubted but it would be glad to get rid of our musical classics also; for, if we view the matter in its true light, this frivolous spirit must be heartily ashamed of its great poverty, compared with them, and most of all with Bach, who is rich almost to excess.

How I do wish I were able to describe, according to its merit, the sublime genius of this first of all artists, whether German or foreign! After the honour of being so great an artist, so pre-eminent above all as he was, there is perhaps no greater than that of being able duly to appreciate so entirely perfect an art and to speak of it with judgment. He who can do the last must have a mind not wholly uncongenial to that of the artist himself, and has therefore in some measure the flattering probability in his favour that he might perhaps have been capable of the first, if similar external relations had led him into the proper career. But I am not so presumptuous as to believe that I could ever attain to such an honour. I am, on the contrary, thoroughly convinced, that no language in the world is rich enough to express all that might and should be said of the astonishing extent of such a genius. The more intimately we are acquainted with it, the more does our admiration increase. All our eulogiums, praises and admiration will always be and remain no more than well-meant prattle. Whoever has had an opportunity of comparing together the works of art of several centuries will not find this declaration exaggerated: he will rather have adopted the opinion, that Bach's works cannot be spoken of by him who is fully acquainted with them except with rapture, and some of them even with a kind of sacred awe. We may indeed conceive and explain his management of the internal mechanism of the art; but how he contrived at the same time to inspire into this mechanic art, which he alone has attained in such high perfection, the living spirit which so powerfully attaches us, even in his smallest works, will probably be always felt and admired only, but never conceived.

I have not chosen to enter upon any comparison of John Sebastian Bach with particular artists. Whoever wishes to see him compared with Handel will find a very just and equitable estimate of their respective merits, drawn up by a man fully competent to the task, in the first number of the 81st volume of the universal German library (*Allgem. Deutsch. Bibl.*) page 295-303.

For my accounts, as far as they differ from the above-mentioned little essay in Mitzler's library, I am indebted to the two eldest sons of John Seb. Bach. I was not only personally acquainted with both, but kept up a constant correspondence with them for many years, chiefly with C. Ph. Emanuel. The world knows that they were both great artists; but it perhaps does not know, that to the last moment of their lives they never spoke of their father's genius without enthusiasm and admiration. As I had from my early youth felt the same veneration for the genius of their father, it was a frequent theme of discussion with us, both in our conversations and correspondence. This made me by degrees so acquainted with every thing relative to John Seb. Bach's life, genius and works, that I may now hope to be able to give the public not only some detailed, but also useful information on the subject.

I have no other object whatever than to call the attention of the public to an undertaking, the sole aim of which is, to raise a worthy monument to German art, to furnish the true Artist with a gallery of the most instructive models, and to open to the friends of musical science an inexhaustible source of the sublimest enjoyment.

(To be continued.)

EGHAM.—The concert lately given by the Choral Society of this town, under the direction of Mr. G. B. Fentum, organist of the Parish Church, was very successful. The chief feature was the music to *Macbeth*, creditably sung by the members of the society. Mr. Fentum played Herr Ganz's "Qui vive" *galop* so well that he was obliged to repeat it. Other pieces were received with great favor, and among them the songs, "Chime again," by Master Grace, and "Widow Malone," by Mr. Dawson, both encored. Miss Cobley accompanied the vocal music. The fourteenth of a series of "Penny readings" was held a few days since at the "Literary Institute," and in the course of the evening vocal pieces were introduced by Messrs. Simmon, Thomas and Cross, and a solo on the pianoforte played by Miss Overton.

* By J. N. Forkel.

BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition published by BREITKOPF & HÄRTEL.

By OTTO JAHN.*

(Continued from Page 142.)

To the question: What is the task and what is the method of philological criticism? the answer is easy. Its task consists in restoring to the shape in which the author conceived it, the work of a writer—or of a musician—which, multiplied by mechanical means, copying or printing, circulated and spread abroad, has, necessarily, in consequence of its repeated multiplication, become, accidentally or purposely, more or less disfigured. Its first duty, therefore, is to test *tradition*, and to discover the source, or the sources whence the work in its original form may be taken with the greatest certainty. Whenever it is possible to consult the author's first original manuscript, that, of course, is the most trustworthy guarantee of correctness. But even that is not always to be unconditionally relied upon, for the most carefully written one is not secure against clerical errors, and accidental faults of inattention, and it is very possible that ameliorations, intended to be valid, may have been made after the original manuscript was completed, and not be included in it. For the purposes of criticism, therefore, *copies, written or printed*, made under the inspection of the author, possess a significance of their own, a significance outweighing that of aught else, because such copies are sometimes the last that enjoyed the author's revision. In the case of a musical work, *parts* written for a performance under the direction of the composer occupy a similar position, because it is reasonable to presume that, when the parts were used, the mistakes which may accidentally have found their way into them were carefully corrected. When these various means of tradition are subjected to mutual control, the supposition of faults arising from accidental error is reduced to the very narrowest limits. But it must be expected that such faults will never be quite wanting; we may correct them by the aid of the authorities landed down to us when the latter agree perfectly with each other, and we are able to do so with the less hesitation, because the faults are generally palpable, and the emendations self-evident. But when the authorities differ from each other; when either each authority contains something different from the rest; or certain ones agreeing among themselves are at variance with others, a decision may, in the first place, be pronounced upon essentially *external circumstances*, such for example, as the fact that a reading in the written or printed copies is evidently based upon a misunderstanding of the characters of the original manuscript, or that a fault evidently caused by haste is corrected in the copies. But in most instances of a discrepancy between the authorities, a decision as to what is correct can be formed only by an examination of *internal evidence*. This presupposes, in the first place, a thorough knowledge of, and the ability to apply, the *general laws*, according to which the means of artistic expression can be employed in a manner corresponding with this aim, *logic and grammar*; for even the mode of expression adopted by music, as by the plastic art, becomes an organised language, inasmuch as it follows the fixed laws of *logic and grammar*, though we are not accustomed to call them so. By these means, we acquire, in the first place, the standard by which to decide what is, generally, *possible*, and what *impossible*; what is *absolutely false*, or what *correct*. But when the question is to apply *general principles* to a work belonging to a *certain definite time*, and produced by a *certain definite individual*, under *certain definite conditions*, general knowledge must, by minute *historical study*, be educated up to a clear insight into, and a sure feeling of, what a given *age* and a given *individuality* are able artistically to conceive, and the *form* in which they are able to produce what they have conceived. If anyone now, possessing a glance thus sharpened, sure tact, and an acquaintance with his master, proceeds to test those passages in which the reading of the various authorities is not the same, such a man will be competent to decide what *could not possibly* emanate from the author, and what he *might* have written; in many cases, what he *must* have written, and in *most*, what he *probably* did write. In fact, as the matter under consideration is a *work of art*, in

the creation of which the *intellectual subjectivity of the artist* works as a component element to a certain extent incalculable, so that the last efforts of criticism depend essentially on *weighing against each other laws generally valid and the legitimate peculiarity of the artist*, and as, moreover, it is only by means of *peculiar natural gifts* that the critic can acquire that culture and that tact which are the conditions whereby he exercises his vocation, there is always about these operations some amount of *subjectivity*, which, especially for more delicate tasks and results, does not produce that *certainty* which, so to speak, is *mathematically cogent*. But whoever, on this account, regards the method employed by criticism as playful caprice, and its results as fortuitous fancies, forgets that the *general laws*, in conformity with which, as a rule, the human mind works and creates, exercise on the artist and his work, just as over other persons and other things, a compelling organisational power, and may, therefore, be acknowledged as *valid norms*; that, by means of *conscientious historical research*, it becomes possible to recognise even the *free elements of the Individualistic* in periods and persons, and that, within such certain outlines, in this too the *influence of certain laws* may be pointed out; and that, by *carefully regulating both powers a critical method* is formed by the aid of which the critic is enabled to compress within the narrowest limits what is uncertain and ambiguous, or, at any rate, decisively to distinguish it from what is certain and clear. It is evident that, the more difficult and the more defective the historical investigation is, and the more uncertain and vacillating the tradition, the more strongly must the subjective element in criticism stand out, and the more problematical must be the result. When we no longer possess any *original manuscript*, and when *copies, written and printed*, have not been made under the supervision of the author, but, for a tolerably long period, multiplied in conformity with different principles, or even with none at all, at one time with rather more care, at another with rather more negligence than usual, the task of testing the credibility and trustworthiness of the *authorities* becomes more and more involved; *external circumstances* can seldom be turned to account, and, when they can, not with perfect certainty, for the purpose of determining separate doubtful cases, so that more and more reliance must be placed upon *internal evidence*. But the most difficult problems for criticism are not occasioned by the corruptions arising from accidental oversights and errors, however much these may, in the course of time, through negligence and ignorance, increase as it were at interest, but from the corruptions attendant on *well-meant but mistaken corrections*. There is never any lack of copyists and correctors who, though perhaps capable of observing that a fault has crept into a work, from a want of sense and penetration, look for the fault in the wrong place, the consequence being that their corrections either do not hit upon it at all, or change what is right at the same time that they alter what is wrong, and thus *substitute the deceptive appearance of something tolerable in itself but untrue for what was evidently wrong*. If with such unskilful correctors, who are accustomed to spin out their business with self-satisfied zeal, are associated the over-clever, who do not hesitate occasionally correcting even the author himself, so that everything shall quietly assume the appearance which best suits their own taste, there is the utmost danger of a false coating of paint being spread over the genuine and original work of art. In many of these cases criticism finds it difficult to gain a footing sufficiently firm to be able to remove the disfiguring whitewash of *restoration*, and once more expose to view the old faults and deficiencies, the correction of which it dares to approach only with every possible precaution and care.

(To be Continued.)

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—Mr. Kennedy has paid us his annual visit. The new portion of his entertainment, "The Farmer's Ingle," was well received, giving scope for illustration of the peculiarities of Scottish character, as well as the introduction of some of the choicest Scotch songs which were given with his usual spirit and power. "Caller Herrin'," "My Nannie's awa," "My Love is like the red red, Rose," and, last and greatest, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," were especial favourites. Mr. Kennedy, as formerly, was accompanied by Mr. Land, so long associated with Wilson, a fact which, coupled with Mr. L.'s exquisite taste in his piano accompaniments, lends additional interest to the entertainment. Mr. Land's solo on the piano-forte, "Recollections of Burns," in which some of the finest airs of Burns' songs are introduced, was much admired.—Abridged from the *Ayr Advertiser*.

Translated, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

Muttoniana.

Dr. Queer went to bed last night very late and got up very later. Nevertheless, Dr. Shoe being still detained from the Boot and Hook, Dr. Queer consents to shoot this present week's rubbish.

SOLOISTS.

SIR,—I really would like to tell some of those gentlemen anxious to exhibit at the Crystal Palace what a soloist ought to be—although if they read the *Times* article on Joachim they would see. They think it is enough to get up and tear to tatters a little bit of melody, and add four variations to it, to play solo. They ought to be allowed the privilege once, in order to show their execution and prove themselves fit to play in an orchestra; but, in my opinion, very few of them are capable of solo. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Gipsy Hill, March 9. GLADWIN BUSH (Bart.)

Dr. Queer compliments Sir Gladwin Bush on his outspokenness—not conceiving, in a breath, that the foregoing requires any further elucidation.

A PLAINT FROM DULCINEA.

Oh, Mr. Ap'Mutton! What do you think? It's all up between me and Octavius. He has behaved most shamefully, and I'll just tell you all about it. I was having my singing-lesson the other day in the front parlour, that people in the street might hear and accustom me to an audience, when suddenly Octavius burst into the room without knocking, and without any provocation flew at Falsetti like a tiger, shook his fist in his face, and called him a humbug, and a scamp, and a sneaking foreigner, and all manner of bad names. Poor Falsetti bore it like an angel, and though he was as white as a sheet, he only muttered *soito voce*: "Maledetto Inglese!—asinaccio!—brutto briccone!"—which sounded much prettier than anything Octavius ever said. I was so frightened that I ran to call papa, and when he came he turned them both out of the house, and vowed they should never darken his doors again. After they were gone, he began jawing me, and said it was all my fault, and that he would take good care I never had another lesson from an Italian as long as I lived. He told me, too, that he had engaged an English singing-master for me; and who do you suppose the wretch is? Why, that odious Simon Chokes, who sings at some cathedral somewhere, and looks like a greasy methodist parson. I hate the sight of him, and I shall never do anything he tells me to—there! You may imagine what a state I'm in—what to do I don't know! If you were in my place, would you write a few consolatory lines to Falsetti? I mean to be guided entirely by you, for I value your opinion far more than I do papa's; he never does see anything in the right light. Of course I've sent back all Octavius's stupid letters, and that trumpet wooden bracelet he once bought for me at the Crystal Palace, and for which I know he only gave eighteen-pence; I took good care never to wear it, even when we were friends. As to his *Spontaneous*, papa has sold it for fourteen shillings and sixpence to a man who keeps an old furniture shop in Wardour-street. I'm certain nobody will ever buy it. Pray, dear Mr. Ap'Mutton, tell me what I had better do next; don't keep me in suspense longer than you can help, and believe me ever, your distracted
DULCINEA.

Dr. Queer has read the foregoing attentively, and declines to console Dulcinea.

DEAR SIR,—I wonder whether you would condescend to accept me as a correspondent! It has been the ardent wish of my whole life—hitherto, alas, unfulfilled!—to meet with some congenial mind with whom I could exchange opinions, sentiments, feelings and emotions. Am I mistaken in fancying that in you I have at length discovered a kindred spirit? A mysterious sympathy seems irresistibly to attract me towards you, and to carry to my soul the conviction that we harmonize in all our tastes. What mine are it is time you should know. On music of course I feed, but can only digest the tenderest melodies; crude harmonies disorder me for days, and vitiate my relish for wholesome compositions. Mere tune, however, can never satisfy my cravings; I yearn for something, yet unimagined, which shall absorb my whole being, and lift me, as it were, out of myself into regions where sound is the sole medium of communication between congenial spirits, released from the trammels of time, and delightedly revelling in an *ad libitum* atmosphere, composed of the happiest alterations of major and minor, blending imperceptibly into each other, till the ear, entranced, can scarce convey a definite impression to the mind, delicious and enthralled with rapture! Oh! it is not this, or something like to this, which you and I have so often experienced when, standing aloof from the vulgar throng, we have communed with our own vulgar imaginings, and drunk in mysterious sounds, to others inaudible and inappreciable! I have said enough, for I feel that my

sentiments have already found an echo in your heart. From your reply, however brief, I shall at once judge whether I am right in my estimate of you. Your expectant and gasping
SIMPATICA.

P.S.—I have written a treatise on the fine arts, considered psychologically and transcendently, which is now ready for the press, and which I trust you will allow me to dedicate to you, as the sole reader capable of comprehending and appreciating the recondite suggestiveness of the ideas with which it abounds to repletion.

Dr. Queer condescends to accept "Simpatica" as a correspondent, and hopes to hear from her as occasionally as possible.

A TESTIMONIAL.

SM.—Have you heard about Rug's testimonial? Such a jolly dodge! A chum of his, named Table, has drawn up such a petition, wherewith to gull the public into getting up a subscription for poor Rug, who finds it wholly impossible to keep himself suitably gloved on his present wretched salary of — a year. Such run stupid reasons are brought forward to induce folks to fork out. In the first place, it is stated that "he avails himself to the uttermost of the individual proficiency of his scullions." This sounds very imposing, but unfortunately it is not true, as every daily visitor to the Pearylsatael knows very well. In the second place, we are informed that he "varies the side-dishes." As this is adduced as a motive for contributing to the testimonial, I suppose we are to conclude that he would rather have the same selection of *plate* all the year round, and is doing a violence to his feelings by changing it three times a week. He *always* gives the same *twice*. The third reason brought forward to coax (or hoax) us out of half an obole (less is not received) is charmingly ludicrous, namely, that he *begins so punctually*, which simply means that he does that which his master's belly requires. The best of it is that all the members of his kitchen, having declined to contribute towards the fund, have received an official hint that they had better get up a private present for Rug among themselves. This dignified suggestion seems, however, likely to end as it ought, in smoke, for the gentlemen of the kitchen cannot agree as to how little each it would do to give—some suggesting two oboles and others more. Just fancy accepting such an offering; but we all know that Rug is not Soyer.—I am, Sir, yours,
JORDAN TAIL, M.D.

O. Ap'Mutton, Esq.

P.S.—"The liberality of the landlord" is also mentioned in this veracious petition. One striking proof of that "liberality" is, that he now allows Rug to fill up any vacancies. There used to be four underscullions, now there are only two. There used to be three spit-turners, now there are but two, and so on.

Dr. Queer has perused the foregoing thrice, but has no intention of perusing it again. Dr. Tail is apparently a wag.

ENGLISH OPERA (LIMITED.)

TO DR SHOE.—Thinking to give my family a treat, I took them to the morning performance of the pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre on Saturday last, which, as you are aware, was for the benefit of those thrown out of employment by the fire at the Surrey Theatre. However laudable such conduct is on the part of the management of this "limited" company, I think the public have a right to complain if they are imposed upon, and when I say that for several days advertisements have appeared announcing the performance of the pantomime, in which Donato was to have appeared (although, from whatever cause, his inability to perform was to some no great disappointment), I call it an imposition when the pantomime itself was cut to pieces by the omission of a great part most amusing to children, and such was the disapprobation expressed that the concluding portion was gone through amidst hisses, accompanied with such interruptions as, "Where's the elephant?" &c., &c. If I go to a tradesman and purchase an article, and he knowingly gives me short measure, I should consider it a case of receiving money under false pretences, and should not only avoid such a man, but should also caution others.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

DONE BROWN.

Twickenham, Feb. 27.

Dr. Queer, after running over the foregoing, felt hurt at the name of Donato being dragged in unceremoniously. The elephant is a very different matter, enjoying four legs and a trunk, not to mention tusks.

TO EUTERPE, FROM AP'POODLE.

(Care of P. Queer, Esqre., M.D.)

DEAR MADAM,—You really ought to know more about artists than I, and I am surprised you should in a manner seem to sympathise with the *would be's*. Do you not well know that artists must grumble with something, that they are wretched unless they can growl? Grumbling is a source of infinite delight to the regular orchestral player, and in it he finds the same sort of *passé temps* as the calman with his whip—

perhaps you don't know what amusement a cabman finds in his whip down here? I will tell you and have a chat if only to prove to you that your letter (your first you say) is infinitely more amusing and interesting than those other fatiguing things. Have you ever noticed what a queer being the sublimity cabman is? His chief occupations are swearing and whipping. He swears at everything and everybody. He swears at the vehicles that occupy with him the thoroughfares, and at the people he can't run over. If two cabs meet in a narrow street where there is only room for one to pass, the cabman on the wrong side swears first, the other soon answers, big words fly thick as hail, both are pleased; it's their way of having a chat. If you happen to be a little late for the last train that is to take you to your place out of town, the chat is prolonged for this particular occasion; if you tap at the window or pop your head out to urge your man on, both swear louder and longer, and, if they can possibly manage it, get locked. This is the little revenge they take on the public generally for the sixpenny fare regulations and the interference of the police magistrates in their transactions with passengers—transactions, they say, that ought to be carried on between cabman and gentleman (or lady, particularly timid ladies) without anybody interfering. But if the cabman drags his master, he drives his slave. If he is irritated, he flogs his horse to vent his temper on somebody. If, however, a glass has cheered him, he hums a tune and keeps time with his whip on his poor nag's back. If it rain or freeze, he thrashes his brute to keep himself warm, and if the day is sultry, he flogs away to keep awake on his box. Now our music-be's, if not allowed to play solos, grumble; if they are made to play they grumble also and say they are not paid more for it. If they are asked whether they would like to play, they *hem* and *ha*; if they are not asked they make the most lugubrious reflections; if they are left to themselves they squabble and wrangle and write Gorgonic letters at one another, which appal all outsiders; if an outsider gives them a smart word of advice with the best intentions, they immediately answer him with commonplace nothings, without meaning or logic, which to me are far worse than good right down courteous abuse. You saw of course my first letter? Well, see the various answers! One calls me a *tenth-rate* fiddler, another a drummer. What next! Am I to be called a trombonist, a violoncellist, a flautist, etc., etc.? Supposing I am, what then?—does it alter our respective positions? Do they think to give me with their shatterpedated name-calling? No! I will snap them still, and so show them the love I bear them. And once and for all I must tell them that I should be proud to be even music-porter at the Crystal Palace, for the sake of hearing a concert every day. Unfortunately, my occupations will not allow me such indulgence, so I refrain from applying for the situation.

You know that I have a rod in pickle for the *would be's*, but before using it I intimated at proper quarters that I should like to hear each soloist in turn at the Saturday concerts, and for your sweet sake I put a flute solo down first. You will probably see, by a future advertisement, that my intimation has been heeded. Now I can answer your six questions:—

1. Who is the gentleman? Herr Sainton played admirably last Saturday.

2. I can't say. I always listen to Svensden and Pratten with delight—when they play solo.

3. On the principle of "giving little and good."

4. Ask the flageolet player. He has fifty-eight irreplicable arguments, which he delivers, half in English, half in French. I found the first four unanswerable, and Herr Manns gave him *carte blanche* to play when he liked after hearing the sixth, with the proviso he wouldn't expound the other fifty-two. Flageolet player thinks there is only one thing comes up at all to a flageolet solo—that is, a solo on the cigarette; he's very clever at that, too.

5. Good gracious, Euterpe!—don't you see that he is *brought forward* because he is so backward?

6 No. Perhaps Mr. Manns *prefers* the rubbish written for the flageolet, played by curly-wig, to the classical music written for the flute played by the flute player. Mr. Phasey requires no encouragement whatever, whilst Mr. Wilmore requires more. Bye the bye, I can just play the flute a little; kindly send me a list of "classical music" for that instrument. (I have all Kuhlau ever wrote).

And now, Euterpe, adieu. Keep a place for me in Parnassus; and if they, higher up, inquire after our suzerain, Ap'Muton, say he's pretty well and in no hurry to return to his old quarters on Olympus. He regrets neither ambrosia nor nectar, but quaffs good XXX over his ortolans, and is the delight of this world as he was of yours.

Yours, &c., &c.,

AP'POODLE.

March 13th, 1865.

Dr. Queer returns thanks to Mr. Ap'Poodle, and refers him to Euterpe for the solution of his continuity. Dr. Queer never drinks ale with ortolans, but agrees that M. Sainton is a stout fiddle.

AN OCCUPY FOR A PRECIPUT.

SIR,—I was one of the convivial party mentioned by Dr. Rug. Mr. Shirley Brooks did *not* deny that there was such and such a comedy by Goldoni, in which there was such and such a character. On the contrary, he even cited a speech from the third act, which so terribly incensed Dr. Rug that he accused Mr. Brooks of not having read Juvenal, which so greatly incensed me that I smote him on the occiput, which so much incensed Dr. Rug that he charged Mr. Brooks with not knowing that there was such and such a comedy by Goldoni, in which there was such and such a character, which so incensed Mr. Brooks that he cited a passage right through from the 23rd *Novella* of Francesco Scave (*Il Gambio Avventurato*), which so incensed me that I smote Dr. Rug again on the occiput, which induced Dr. Rug to write a garbled version of the convivial party to Dr. Shoe, who impinged it in *Muttoniana*.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

85, Fleet St.—March 15.

P.S.—Mr. Punch desires me to thank you for insertion of his last communicate.

HORACE MAYHEW

(dit "le petit Ponny.")

H. M.

Dr. Shoe is beholden to Mr. Mayhew for his lucid explanation. Dr. Rug, however, tells quite a different story. But Dr. Queer is sleepy and must retire couchwards. This, moreover (Friday) is St. Patrick's Day.

Cornelius Phillips Tacitus Quer.

Shoebury, Boot and Hook, March 17.

MILAN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I am afraid I am rather lazy with my correspondence, but the fact is matters at the Scala have gone so indifferently that there has scarcely been anything worth writing about. Madame Galetti has certainly been the bright particular star of the company, and I can fully endorse the opinion of your correspondent (dating from Genoa) in your last number. She has certainly taken Milan by storm on this occasion as Norma, and perhaps even more so as Leonora in Donizetti's *Favorita*. She was, however, very badly supported by the other members of the company. Norma was only given twice, as Madame Galetti, with all her talent, is a capricious woman, and will only sing when and what she pleases. As a consequence she is engaged here by the night. I believe she receives fifteen hundred francs for each performance. *La Favorita* has been given about a dozen times. The tenor in the first four nights was Pancani, who has a great name in Italy; but, whatever he has been, it is certain that at present he is all but *passé*. Some of the music of Fernando is adapted to his voice, but he cannot sing a note softly, and after the third act is quite used up. So that the magnificent duet in the 4th act is sung almost entirely by Madame Galetti. After a few nights Signor Pancani being knocked up, another tenor was brought forward as Fernando—a Signor Loris, but, what with excessive nervousness and a voice not capable of standing fatigue, he also was put *hors de combat* after two nights. On Saturday last Signor Pancani's indisposition continuing, a third Fernando was adventured, Signor Tartini, and he was certainly the worst of the three. He was hardly tolerated in the first act, and in the third the hissing and dissatisfaction was not to be mistaken. Whistling and cries of "Down with the direction," "Return the money," &c., &c. were heard from all parts of the theatre. In the midst of this disturbance an individual came on the stage to say that Signor Tartini would not be allowed to finish the opera, and that a second ballet would be given in lieu of the fourth act of the opera. On this the public became very noisy, and insisted on the money being returned; and this, after some delay, was agreed to, and the audience left the theatre, having heard three acts of the opera free of expense. The theatre was very crowded and "The King" present. This is only one of the many failures we have had in the current season, as I told you in my last. Petrella's new opera, *La Contessa D'Amalfi*, was a *fiasco*, and the public would not hear it at any price. Afterwards *Rigoletto* was tried, but this also was a *semi fiasco*, the baritone not being equal to the part, and the opera was played to almost empty benches. *Faust* was the third opera, but even this, although so successful in former seasons, was on this occasion almost a dead failure, the cast of characters, with the exception of Saccamano (Mephistopheles), being very indifferent. Among other eccentricities which marked the performance was the fact that the tenor in the lovely romanza,

"Salvi dimora," went right out of the key and was obliged to stop, rather a peculiar circumstance for a theatre like La Scala, with a grant of £12,000. *La Juive* (L'Ebreu) of Halévy was produced a few nights since, and its cast is by far the most complete of any other opera that has been given during the season, and it has certainly made a good success. The singers are Mdle. Lotti, Signors Carrión, Anastasi and Medini. We are now promised *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and they are also rehearsing the new opera, *Bianca*, of Villani, in which Madame Galetti will appear. Signor Pancani also was to have appeared in this opera, but I hear this morning that he has given up the part. The new ballet, *Leonida*, is magnificent. At the Carcano they have given *Linda di Chamouni*, *Norma*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and *Rossini's Mose in Egitto*, the two last named having made the greatest success. *Roberto il Diavolo* has also been reproduced, but with only indifferent success. The usual spring season of opera at the Cannobiana will not be given this year. In its place a dramatic company. Mr. Baraclough, a late student of the R. A. M., London, has been singing in the *Trovatore* as Count de Luna at Savona with success.

This last week has been a week of bustle and confusion, being the last days of the carnival, and I must say the amusement is not of the most select kind. One of the principal features is the throwing "coriandoli." These are small pellets of dirt, about twice the size of a pea, covered with whiting, and, as the people in crowds pass under the balconies in the principal streets, they are saluted with sacks full of these pellets, which make sad havoc with the clothing. Some thousands of pounds are annually spent in this amusement alone, but it is certainly more amusement to the throwers than to the receivers, and for this reason among the former might have been seen hard at work.—Yours very faithfully,
Borgo di Porte Venezia, Milan. ARGUS.

ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN.

(From the Freeman's Journal.)

On Saturday, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was performed before a crowded audience. Perhaps on no former occasion has Donizetti's opera been more faultlessly presented. Madlle. Titiens' impersonation of that beautiful ideal of feminine softness and womanly love, Lucia, was a realization which we have never seen equalled. If it were not perfect, in the fullest meaning of the word, we are unable to point in what it was deficient. In vocalism it was marvellous. In acting it was powerfully tragic—in some passages painfully so—and the effect produced by the combination was supremely fine, alternating in the sensations it created between the most delicious and the most sympathetic—now arousing our most joyous and human feelings—and anon exciting our deepest sympathy. As a whole, we can justly say, that it beggars praise and leaves description dumb. Madlle. Titiens' singing of the air "Ancor Non Giunge," with obbligato harp accompaniment, fell in sweet plaintive melody on the ears of her hearers, who listened with hushed breath to the warblings of the great *cantatrice*, who rose with the great requirements of the part, which she revealed in all their witching and pensive loveliness. Eloquently, indeed, did she make music tell her griefs and sorrows, and by it melted her audience into deep sympathisers and warm friends. Mr. Santley as Ashton gave an additional proof of his acknowledged powers and consummate taste in the "Cruda funesta," which well deserved the warm applause which it received. It is to us a cause of deep gratification that a Dublin audience was the first to pronounce a decided and favourable verdict on the claims of M. Joulain to high vocal honours. All doubts of his excellence, if any had previously existed, were removed by his singing in the part of Edgardo. In the well-known scene when he meets with Lucia he sang well, but evidently timidly, until he came to the passage commencing "Intendo," when his voice poured out the language of his wrongs in melodious vehemence most potent in the words, "M, odi e tremu," and again, in his interpretation of "Sulla tomba," he fully sustained the anticipations of his warmest friends. The following passage with Lucia was exquisite, but it was in the duet "Verrano a te null" that the liveliest enthusiasm of the audience was evoked; and at the conclusion of the duet which terminated the first act, Madlle. Titiens and M. Joulain were called for, and on presenting themselves before the curtain received the most cordial applause. In the second act, where the character of Ashton becomes more developed, Mr. Santley sang magnificently, and in the duet with Lucia, "Soffriva nil pianto," both were rewarded with loud and hearty expressions of approval. Of the duet "Le tradismi," we must confess that nothing finer could have been imagined than the manner in which Madlle.

Titiens and Mr. Santley gave it. In the grand *scena* when Lucia signs the marriage contract the acting and singing of Madlle. Titiens were beyond description and beyond praise—such an exhibition of genius has been rarely witnessed. In acting it was marked with exquisite feeling, without fantastic exaggeration, or tragic outrage. It was womanly—simple and natural; but her singing was "something more exquisite still." The glorious quintet "Chi mi frena" was gone through grandly—we might almost say divinely. It was listened to with breathless delight, and at its conclusion the plaudits and cries of encore were not to be resisted. In the third act the re-appearance of Lucia, with dishevelled hair, her strange maniacal *abandon*, completely hushed the audience. Not a sound was heard through the house, as Lucia, with unmeasured tread, wildly paced the stage, looking for him who was not there. It was really painful to look upon the demented girl—her vacant stare, the wild emptiness of those windows of the soul, telling with more potency than language or sweet sounds, that Reason had been dethroned. And then when the first delicate and dulcet cadences of "I dolce suono" crept, spirit like, through the audience, admiration was severely overtaken. In tones overflowing with plaintive pathos, chilling and thrilling, she told her tale, and in her very looks, as well as in the alternating tones of her voice, we saw and heard her hopes, her joys, and her deep, dark despair. To accompany the great prima donna through this scene would be impossible, but the effect she produced was indescribable. Every note of her clear and brilliant voice was distinctly heard. The audience was held dumb, spellbound, electrified, until the last cadence of the melody died away, and the heart-rent Lucia ran off, followed by one of the most generous outbursts of applause that ever rang within the walls of the "old Royal." In those passages of the opera in which M. Joulain could be judged with some of the greatest tenors, we are bound to say, though tried by so severe a test, he was not found wanting. His rendering of the "Fra Poco" was up to the highest standard of vocalism. The encore which followed was irresistible. Regarding M. Joulain's singing on Saturday night, in the strictest justice we must observe that we are impressed with the conviction that he has no superior on the stage. The manner in which Signor Ardititi as conductor, and Mr. Levey as leader, discharged their duties entitles them to our warm praise. Gounod's opera of *Faust* will be presented this evening, when a young aspirant to fame on the lyric stage—Madlle. Zandrina, niece of Madlle. Titiens—will make her second appearance.

IN RE MRS. CAMPBELL BLACK.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Sir,—My attention was called, on the 6th inst., to an advertisement in the *Era* of the 26th of February last, which advertisement I had never heard of before, stating that "a Mrs. Campbell Black had given instructions to various distinguished vocalists," &c., naming them. Now I do not know one of the singers mentioned in that advertisement, which I think is intended as a hoax upon me, and incidentally as an annoyance to the ladies and gentlemen therein named. I am convinced that I am the person referred to, for no other person has appeared in public of the same name. Besides, on enquiring as directed by the advertisement, no such person has ever lived at the place there mentioned. If, therefore, it refers to me, I declare it to be a forgery, and if I can find out the perpetrator of it I will have such person punished as far as the law can do it. I am sorry that respectable ladies should have been annoyed; but no one can be entirely safe from the attacks of unscrupulous people. The editor of the *Era* was much to blame for inserting it without ascertaining its authenticity, and I have written to him to that effect. I remain your obedient servant,

A. CAMPBELL BLACK.

7, Well Walk, Hampstead, 9th March, 1865.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION, MILE END.—A popular concert was given to a most crowded audience at the above institution on Monday last, Mr. Frank Mori officiating as conductor. The concert was supported by Mr. Sims Reeves, who obtained encores for his splendid singing of Handel's "Deeper and deeper" and "Wait for Angels," and again "The last Rose of Summer" and "The Pilgrim of Love." Miss Louisa Pyne sang the scena from *Lurline*, "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," "The Guard's Waltz," the Scotch songs "The Piper o' Dundee" and "Charlie is my darling," accompanying herself on the piano in the last two songs, and obtaining tremendous applause. Mr. R. de Lacy gave two solos on the cornet-a-pistons, which were extremely well received. The other singers were Miss Whytock, Miss Julia Elton, Miss Marian Marco, Mr. Frank Elmore and Mr. Winn. At the next concert, on the 3rd of April, Mr. Sims Reeves is announced to make his fifty ninth appearance at the Beaumont Institution.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
(St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHTH CONCERT,
(ELEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON),
Monday Evening, March 20, 1865.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBB, and PIATTI Schumann.
SONG, "I dream of thee"—Mr. CUMMINGS H. Smart.
SONATA, in A flat, Op. 39, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLS Weber.

PART II.

CHACONNE, for Violin solo—Herr JOACHIM Bach.
SONG, "Oh do not scorn my love"—Mr. CUMMINGS Benedict.
TRIO, in G, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. CHARLES HALLS, JOACHIM, and PIATTI Haydn.

CONDUCTOR - - - - - Mr. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls. 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; and the principal Music Publishers.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, SUBSCRIPTION IVORY TICKETS at 2s (transferable), may be secured at Chappell & Co.'s, entitling holders to a special sofa stall, selected by themselves, for 20 concerts; or, two sofa stalls for 10 concerts.

SECOND MORNING PERFORMANCE

TO-DAY, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1865.

(ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVENTH CONCERT).

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBB, HANS, and PIATTI Mozart.
SONG, "The Lullaby" (Lily of Killarney)—Mr. CUMMINGS Benedict.
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 81, "Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour," for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD Beethoven.

PART II.

SONG, "Dalla sua pace"—Mr. CUMMINGS Mozart.
TRIO, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI Mendelssohn

CONDUCTOR, - - - - - Mr. BENEDICT.

L'HISTOIRE de PALMERIN d'OLIVE filz du ROY FLORENDS de MACDONNE et de LA BELLE GRANE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constantinople, by JEAN MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for SIX GUINEAS, (no diminution of price). Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 241, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD, (Author of "The Philosophy of Music." Those who may desire to become Subscribers to the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at 67, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names already received:—William Chappell, F.S.A., Augustine Sargood, Esq., John Borcey, Esq., J. Ella, Esq., W. T. Best, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq. Price to Subscribers is 6s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS.

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has a few original MUSICAL LECTURES to dispose of.—136, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PILL PURCELL.—Our Correspondent has been anticipated in his communication from Dublin. Another time we shall be glad to hear from P. P.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1865.

FERDINAND HILLER'S NEW OPERA.

DER DESERTEUR, a three-act opera, words by Herr Ernst Pasqué, and music by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, was produced, at Cologne, on the 17th February. The author of the libretto is well-known in the musical world as having formerly been a singer and, during the last few years, by his translation of foreign operas, as likewise by his valuable articles, founded on information derived from the archives at Weimar and Darmstadt, concerning musical matters in the olden time. In his book of *Der Deserteur*, as our contemporary, the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung* observes, he has worked out a doubly happy idea. Contrary to the practice pursued by most writers of libretti for modern French comic operas, who, in order to give piquancy to their subjects, offer them to the public, whether chosen from distant regions or from by-gone times, clad in the colors of Parisian society at the present day, Herr Pasqué, though not founding his book upon German history by the introduction of really historical personages, has taken his subject from the political and social condition of Germany at a certain period, striving to represent, upon this background, a bit of rustic life, belonging to the last century, and illustrative of the detestable system of shipping off Germans as mercenaries to Africa and America. That by selecting such a subject he would have to renounce all idea of writing a purely comic opera was clear; but by his choice of a story intended to produce more than half its effect not simply by putting the audience in a good humor, but by appealing to their more serious feelings and their pity, he has carried the modern "Spiel-Oper" or "opera requiring acting" back to the old and genuinely German "Singspiel." For this reason we very much wish he had retained the dialogue between the musical pieces, because it had with justice become highly popular in operas of this kind with the German public, and been driven off the stage only by a total misapprehension of what belongs to illusion in opera, and by musical pedantry. Can any one, for instance, seriously believe that in those passages of *Der Deserteur* where spoken dialogue is indispensable, the twanging of the violins is a source of æsthetical gratification?

Herr Pasqué has, moreover, made an attempt to restore the genuine folk's song, and for the purpose availed himself of some of Schubart's compositions. This experiment, also, is worthy of praise, and, also, takes us back to the old German "Singspiel." In the farewell of the Soldiers, at the conclusion of the first act, even Schubart's melody, is retained with his "Kaplied," "Auf, ihr Brüder, und seid stark!" producing a very good effect.

We most willingly, therefore, do full justice to the author's intentions, but we do not wish to be understood as asserting that those intentions have been, in every instance, skilfully carried out. A vast deal is too much long, especially in the first act, and, when blending the comic with the sentimental element, the author has not always been happy, a fact particularly observable in the part of David, the schoolmaster, and "Cantor"—intended for the poet C. F. Daniel Schubart himself. This is so, even if we overlook the fault, as regards the plot, of making a secondary figure play a principal part. While, in the first act, the Schoolmaster appears as a carnivalistic congratulator of the bride's father—the magistrate of the parish—and the future man and wife, and makes his scholars, in motley attire, blare out a chorus, and accompany it partially with children's instruments (a chorus redemanded, by the way), he goes into highly pathetic ecstasies in the second act for the Goddess of Freedom, and asserts

"that, from out her wreath of flames, sparks" (generally in the habit of burning) "have fallen like dew on his soul." He informs us further that he has left the town, and turned Schoolmaster and "Cantor" "in order to be free!" Goodness gracious! Suppose the patron of the church, and that reverend gentleman, the rector, had only suspected such a thing! Despite all this, Daniel is the best figure in the entire opera, and we will even forgive him his tirades about his yearnings for freedom, because they have offered the composer the opportunity of introducing a dashing air, exceedingly well given by Herr. Lang, whose acting, also, in the first act, was marked by the tact required not to overdo the comic element.

The pith of the story is, in a few words, as follows:—In the midst of the betrothal of Michel, the son of the well-to-do patriarch of the village, with Liesel, an orphan, Fate makes her appearance in the shape of a lame Messenger, a tolerably successful comic figure, brought out principally by characteristic music. He is the bearer of the Prince's commands for enlisting a number of young lads for a regiment in Africa. Shortly afterwards, the Sergeant appears with a sergeant's guard. In the open market place, he asks Liesel to give him a kiss. He is repulsed "as an ill-mannered fellow." He swears to be revenged, and takes her betrothed, Michel, as a recruit. Michel escapes from the vessel on the Rhine, and surprises the mourning Liesel by his return. But, alas! The Sergeant also returns. Liesel conceals her lover in her bed-room, but, on the military hero becoming too pressing, he rushes out to protect the girl of his heart. The irate Sergeant seizes him, and the Deserter is to be shot the following morning. As luck will have it, the Prince is hunting in the neighbouring forest. Liesel hastens to him. He is graciously inclined, because an heir-apparent has just been born to him; Liesel rushes fortunately on the stage, pardon in hand, just as the soldiers are taking aim at Michel, and awaiting only the word of command: "Fire!" Whether the author has used for his catastrophe the old French opera: *Le Déserteur*, music by Monsigny, a work very often played in Germany down to the commencement of the present century, is more than we know.

Ferdinand Hiller, whom we were previously accustomed to meet only in the higher regions of music, has, on this occasion, rejected the citharus; but he moves also in the sock of Comedy, as we see by this newest work of his, with great talent, and in that clever style with which we were rendered acquainted by many of his pianoforte compositions; nay, we are almost inclined to say that his *Operette ohne Worte*, a four-handed work for piano, may be regarded as the prelude to this "Opera with Song." Since, however, the comic element in *Der Deserteur*, as is evident from what we have said above, appears only episodically, and the real action of the piece approaches serious drama, that action afforded the composer opportunities, in several solos as well as in some of the concerted music, and in the finales of the first and second acts, for displaying his qualities as an approved master, in doing which, he has, according to us, succeeded most brilliantly in the more important vocal pieces, both as regards characteristic design and the coloring of the whole. That, in all this, the treatment of the grander musical forms is masterly needs hardly to be mentioned, where Hiller is concerned. But the music, also, of a lighter stamp, such as is required by the more joyous scenes, is full of mind and taking charm, without ever becoming trivial. This is the case in most of those scenes, but especially in the admirable comic episode of the second act, where all the young girls of the village consult the Schoolmaster as to what steps they must take for the purpose of obtaining an audience of the Prince. In isolated instances, however, such as in the chorus of the School-Children, and when the Soldiers march on in the first act, realism is too glaringly prominent. The music of the Village Patriarch and of Michel

in the third act is distinguished for its melodic flow, while, in some earlier portions, of the two fundamental elements of operatic music, song and declamation, the last predominated too much. One great recommendation of the work is that the inspiration of the composer does not at all flag, but is so faithful to him up to the end that, from a melodic point of view, we consider the last act the best.

The performance was a very good one; every person concerned, on the stage and in the orchestra, had evidently studied the opera with a will. The house was quite full, and the favorable feeling of vivid interest displayed from the very first by the entire audience testified in a most gratifying fashion how generally appreciated are the invaluable services rendered by the composer to musical matters here, and how desirous all educated classes of the inhabitants are to prove to him, by a public demonstration, that the City of Cologne is proud of being able to call him hers. This desire on their part was seconded, in so exciting and convincing a manner, by the successful performance, that even an adverse feeling would have been changed into a favorable one, while that by which the audience were animated was evidently raised, by the twofold delight taken in the work and in the composer, to enthusiasm, being manifested by the loudest applause of separate numbers and scenes, as well as, more especially, by calls for the composer and for the artists at the end of each act, and at the termination of the opera. The success of the work was every thing the author and the composer could wish.

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NORTON ON MORTON AND HODGE PODGE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—One of the most forcible rebukes to a man of the world who adopts the "used up" creed, is the spectacle furnished by an individual of mature age, expressing an innocent delight with flimsy and facetious amusements more commonly appreciated by his juniors. A gentleman in years, and in Colney Hatch, watching the revolutions of an infant's rattle, or, like a benignant Boreas, distending his cheeks while bringing out the beauties of a penny trumpet, are sights not without their moral. The mind which is pleased with trifles may sometimes appear weak, but the weakness is of an amiable nature, and should lead unbelievers to admit there is "good in everything," even that savory conglomeration called *Hodge Podge*. "I would I were a child again," is a pathetic aspiration frequently indulged in by those whose term of life does not qualify them to be termed "chickens." Good Mr. Norton, with his inconveniently fresh feelings must, however, feel inclined to strike the magisterial lyre, and regret being so full of boyish enthusiasm, for it must certainly have increased his poignant sufferings when he was compelled to snuff the Canterbury candle. A magistrate, like a policeman, is but a man, and his judicial bosom is not impenetrable to those gentle courtesies and attentions willingly lavished upon him. That conciliatory policy known as "squaring the beadle," which may be in very extreme cases possible with a constable, cannot of course be adopted with regard to a law-giver; but he who serves the temporal comfort of a distinguished guest, may, to the credit of human nature, calculate upon gratitude and acknowledgment in return. Norton has patted the prosperous and liberal Morton on the back, therefore let the world do likewise, until that "spirited caterer's" breath of thankfulness is almost shaken out of its frail tenement. Mr. Norton went to the Canterbury, and was not only "excessively delighted," but "much amused." The application for a summons to stop the performance of *Hodge Podge* was made, in the first instance, partly upon the ground of public morals, it being asserted that the text contained certain double

entendres. Mr. Norton admits the little indecencies, but evidently rejoices that they are no broader than others frequently heard in regular theatres. This imputation upon the recognized establishments for "stage plays," is, in many cases correct, and is in all cases to be deplored. The legislator of Lambeth can only conclude that *Hodge Podge* is a "stage play," but from what he had seen he did not consider the Canterbury Hall "was at all constructed for the purpose of carrying on the regular drama. If a "stage play" is part of the "regular drama," the inference from Mr. Norton's declarations must be that a "stage play" should not be represented at the Canterbury Hall, the building being unsuited for the purpose. The "second Daniel" of Lambeth is also of opinion that licences for "such interesting exhibitions as he had seen, should be granted," but should not be "given generally." If this was not to be considered a stage play, there would be nothing to prevent persons in the New-cut, which is near Canterbury Hall, from opening a similar place in that locality, and carrying it on, to the great injury of public morals. Thus, it would seem, an exhibition which is harmless a few hundred yards away from that thoroughfare facetiously known as the "Recent Incision," would conduce to vice and immorality if held in the highway aforesaid. Again, when Mr. Norton disapproves of licences for these entertainments being given "generally," he appears to encourage that mercantile injustice and monopoly for which he blames the London managers. Why there should not be free trade in *Hodge Podge* is not particularly clear. The worthy Solon's personal convictions regarding the excellence of the Canterbury Hall feast, as contained in the following extract, were immensely important to the Music Hall interest, however unnecessary they might seem to the general public. "Not only do I consider it a pantomime, but one of a very superior class. The illumination that is given to the figures, the forms of the actors and actresses, and the softness of the outline, and altogether the brilliancy that is imparted to it, are beyond anything I ever witnessed, and I was exceedingly gratified." If *Hodge Podge* far transcends every glittering show in Mr. Norton's theatrical experience, the said experience must be very limited. The Canterbury reminded him of Germany, inasmuch as "people" sat smoking, and their "female" companions sipped coffee or drank beer. It is some comfort to know that civilization has not yet attained higher forms in Germany than in England. Ingenuously proclaiming his personal regrets at being obliged to quench the light of *Hodge Podge* if only for a short time, the guest of Mr. Norton delivered the blow of the law, but applied the healing ointment of private sympathy at the same time. True patriots will be glad to know that Mr. Norton considers all such places as the Canterbury Hall (that is all music halls), as materially promoting the "sociality and refinement" of Englishmen. This is somewhat startling, to say the least. A man with an incipient taste for painting would hardly foster it by studying forms of art peculiar to half-penny peepshows at country fairs, neither is it barely possible for musical taste to be elevated by the performances now common to music halls. "Sociality" as represented by smoking and drinking is certainly promoted in these establishments, but the true sense of the word is by no means realized in them. A man at a music hall takes no more notice of his neighbour than he does anywhere else, unless her name is Lais, and her face is pretty. As to the "refinement" inculcated by music hall proceedings, that must be perceptible only to a comparative few sanguine persons who experience the courtesy of the proprietor, and perhaps do not own their opinions from mixing freely with the least exclusive sections of the audience.

MR. R. SHARPE, of Shirley, is appointed organist of All Saints' Church, Southampton.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a libellous letter headed "Imposing Advertisements," which appeared, I am told, in a weekly musical paper, on Saturday last. As I cannot condescend to answer a scurrilous attack from one who shelters himself under the anonymous, and have moreover no desire to furnish the weekly paper with "copy" of any kind *gratis*, may I ask you to make known through them edium of your widely-circulating columns that I have already placed the matter in the hands of my solicitor?

Your obedient servant, HOWARD GLOVER.

March 17, 1865.

MR. CROZIER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Mr. Phasesy has, I see, taken the initiative in giving an indignant denial to any share in the production of the numerous letters which have appeared in the *Musical World* respecting Mr. Manns and his little band. I think I cannot do better, particularly as I have been on terms of intimacy with the presumed writers of some of the letters in question, than follow so good an example. I beg therefore on my part to state most emphatically that I have neither directly nor indirectly had any hand in the correspondence whatever; and I deeply deplore, in common with several of my friends in the orchestra, that the subject of solo-playing has been so incessantly brought forward. It is quite impossible that visitors to the C. P. should know the various reasons which may cause some to play solos less frequently, others not at all. I know that in some cases Mr. Manns has found considerable difficulty in getting his wishes complied with; others who have been mentioned as being kept out of the field, though fully capable of performing a solo in a first-class manner, would rather be excused; indeed, I am sure they would absolutely decline, however earnestly entreated. In conclusion, for the information of those who have so warmly interested themselves on our account, it may be agreeable to them to know that it has been productive of nothing but mischief, and has excited the resentment of the entire band.—Yours, &c., W. CROZIER.

MUNICH.—Cherubini's *Medea* and Wagner's *Tristan et Isolde* are in rehearsal at the Court Theatre. The tenor, Schnorr, is engaged expressly for the part of Tristan in Wagner's opera.

VIENNA.—The marriage of L. V. Beethoven, nephew of the great composer, with Madlle. Marie de Nitsche, niece of the Baron Ulm-Erbach, has been recently celebrated. The Italian Opera season at the Court Theatre will commence on the first of April, with a new opera by Pedrotti, entitled "*Tutti in Maschera*," in which Madame Galetti and Signor Mongini will sustain the principal parts. *Concert-meister* Hellmesberger was agreeably surprised a few days since, by the presentation, from the nephew of Beethoven, of a cameo belonging to the great master, which represented his likeness in profile.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN AT HULL.—Mr. Charles Salaman recently gave a series of three lectures on Operatic Music in the Royal Institution at Hull, which seems to have created unusual excitement among the musicians and amateurs of that far-famed seaport. The lectures were devoted particularly to Italian, English, and German Operas. The *Eastern Morning News*, of February 15, contains a lengthy and elaborately written article on the lectures, from which it may be gathered that Mr. Salaman discoursed learnedly about ancient and modern operas and composers and that his readings were eminently successful. Mr. Salaman, we understand, is about to deliver the same course of lectures at the London Literary Institution, when we shall take the opportunity of attending them and entering at length into their merits. Mr. Salaman, we need hardly remind our readers, has been a lecturer on music of many years standing, and has laboured hard and well to elucidate for the unlearned public the mental powers and idiosyncracies of the great masters.

BERLIN.—Madame Harriers Wippen has been re-engaged at the Royal Opera. The engagement is insured for the natural term of her life, with a *congé* of four months for each year, and the reversion of a pension. At the Fifth Concert of the Society of Music, Hector Berlioz's biblical legend *La Fuite en Egypte* was executed with great success.

PARIS.

(From our own correspondent.)

M. Félicien David's new opera, *Le Saphir*, was produced on Wednesday last at the Opéra-Comique, but made no very great sensation. Having now indeed "descended from his camel," with his intellect stimulated by no "desert" prospects, without impressions caught from the desolations of a submerged city, or the gorgeous magnificence of an Eastern fable, the author of *Le Desert*, *Herculanum* and *Lalla Rookh*, seems entirely out of his element. Without any sensible feeling for abstract beauty in music, without comic power, wanting in the purely sentimental, and lacking that grasp of mind which would conceal all these deficiencies, M. Félicien David, in his new work, finds himself thoroughly at fault and writes without heart or impulse. A love story, involving comic situations, was the very last thing he should have been asked to illustrate in music. Possessing neither tenderness nor humor, the moment he abandoned the romantic, the descriptive and the strange, he necessarily failed. *Le Saphir* has had every pains bestowed upon it to make it succeed; but all to no purpose. In spite of the applause bestowed on it the first night—though that might have been more enthusiastic—and in spite of the laudations of the press—though these might be more decided and unanimous—every one must feel that the opera has had but a *succès d'estime*. Unfortunately for M. Félicien David—and other French composers as well—M. Gounod's music is becoming familiarised to the public; and familiarity in this instance, in place of breeding contempt, begets admiration; admiration leads to consideration; consideration creates knowledge and enforces comparison; and the knowledge of M. Gounod's works and their comparative merits are anything but favorable to the operas of modern French composers—of all but Daniel Auber, whose reputation will in no way suffer from being placed in juxtaposition with any writer, living or dead. Such is the power and vitality of genius! Certainly a worse libretto than that of *Le Saphir* has seldom been concocted. Shakespeare's comedy of *All's Well That Ends Well* is one of the least interesting of his dramas, and the plot is involved and intricate in the extreme. It is seldom represented on the stage, and can never hope to achieve more than a passing success. The alterations made by the authors—there are three of them, MM. de Leuven, Michel Carré and Hadot—have been perhaps necessitated for musical purposes; but they do not help to elucidate the story, and the auditor, instead of attending to the music, is either striving to follow the fortunes of the hero and heroine, or attempting to unravel the intricacies of the narrative. The most striking character in Shakespeare's play, Parolles—called by the three French poets "Parole"—is utterly sacrificed, and dwindles down, in the music, to a song condemnatory of marriage and one concerted piece. I do not think it would serve any especial purpose to enter into details of the music, about which no one has written or spoken in raptures. No doubt curiosity will attract audiences for many nights to the Opéra-Comique, but the new work will never secure a place in the repertory of the theatre. The principal parts are thus sustained:—Gaston de Lusignan, M. Montaubry; Parole, M. Gourdin; the Countess Hermine, Mlle. Cico; Fiametta, Mlle. Girard; and the Queen, Mlle. Baretta. Let me add that the choruses are better than the solos and ensembles for principals, and that the dances are better than the choruses, and I think I have said as much as need be said about the *Saphir* of M. Félicien David.

Amateur concerts and representations are quite the rage this season in Paris. I was fortunate enough to obtain a few days since an invitation to a musical performance of a very remarkable kind given by the Marquis and Marchioness D'Aoust in the garden of their hotel, transformed into a sort of *Salle de Spectacle* for the occasion. An opera, entitled *L'Amour Voleur*, composed by the Marquis D'Aoust, was capitally given, the principal executants being Mlle. de Lapommeraye, of the Opéra, M. Bach and Signor Marchetti. There was a small band directed by the Marquis, who showed himself a practised wielder of the bâton. Previous to the opera, a petite comedy, called *Louise III., Chapitre Ier*, written by MM. E. Pierné and H. Auger, was performed by those distinguished amateurs the Countess Sidonia de Sayre, the princess Olga Troubetzkoi, M. Edouard de Lagrenée and the Viscount

de Montesquieu. The company was resplendent, as Archer says in the *Beaux Stratagem*, in "Youth, beauty and clean linen."

The death of M. Dietsch is universally regretted and will prove a real loss to art, at least in the French capital. His death was caused by a sudden stroke of apoplexy, while staying at the house of his friend, M. Coquerel. M. Dietsch was a diligent labourer in his profession and produced works which gained him no inconsiderable reputation with those well-acquainted with them. He wrote a great many religious compositions, among which were twenty masses, some of them for full orchestra, and was, moreover, the author of an opera in two acts, entitled *Le Vaisseau Fantôme*, performed at the Académie Impériale de Musique.

Mdlle. Adelina Patti made her last appearance in *Linda* and fled incontinently to Madrid, and with her flew all hopes, for the season, of the subscribers to the Italiens hearing *Don Giovanni*. Meanwhile Madame Frezzolini has played Lucia, and M. Bagier, or rather his substitute, seeing that he himself has departed for Madrid, urges on the repetitions of *La Duchessa di San Giuliano* and *Crispino e Comare*. Also *I Puritani* is promised with what cast I cannot even surmise.

As usual I append the programme of the last Popular Concert of Classical Music (the fourth of the third series), which was as follows:—Symphony in D Major (op. 7)—Mozart; Overture to *Coriolan*—Beethoven; Polonaise for violin—Habeneck; Adagio—Gounod; Fragment from Septuor—Beethoven.

Paris, March 15.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Communicated.)

The preparations for the Great Triennial Handel Festival, at the end of June, have commenced. The general programme has been extensively circulated throughout the country and on the continent, and, from the number of enquiries registered at the Crystal Palace as well as at the Sacred Harmonic Society's Offices, it is evident that an enormous demand must ensue for vouchers securing stalls on the opening of the offices at the Palace and at Exeter Hall on Monday next. To extend as much as possible the area of accommodation at the Palace, the corners of the side galleries are to be opened out considerably. This, with other acoustical improvements, and by the adoption of an improved arrangement of the front of the great orchestra, successfully carried out at the Opera concerts last season, and which has met the entire approval of Mr. Costa, will afford additional accommodation for hundreds of seats. The representatives of all the Railway Companies entering London, in concurrence with the General Manager of the Crystal Palace, have agreed to afford great facilities for persons visiting London at the time of the Festival. For the Rehearsal day, excursion trains will run at low rates, including admission to the Palace, for one day, for distances between thirty and one hundred miles from London; beyond that distance, three days will be allowed. The time for return tickets will also be extended so as to embrace the Festival week, and, as it has been found practicable to commence each day's performance at three o'clock, in place of one o'clock as heretofore, there is no doubt a much larger number of persons will have the opportunity of attending the Festival. It has taken three Festivals to complete the great orchestra at the Crystal Palace, with its roof, twice the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's. The number of executants is therefore defined. They will fall but little short of four thousand, of whom above five hundred compose the band. Numbers like the above at first so little impress the mind, that comparisons become requisite. It may therefore be stated that the performers at the coming Festival will exceed in number those gathered together for the last York Musical Festival, the Westminster Abbey Festival of 1834, the Leeds, Bradford, Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Norwich, and Birmingham Musical Festivals, all combined. The requirements and the great outlay of such undertakings as the Handel Festivals, render it requisite that, like the Provincial Festivals, an interval of three years should elapse between each celebration. No annual effort could result in adequate success. That success has attended the Crystal Palace Handel Festivals may be gathered from the fact that they have been attended by One Hundred and Ninety-four Thousand Eight Hundred persons, and that the receipts arising directly from them have amounted to 83,465*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Mendelssohn's "*Lobgesang*," and Rossini's "*Stabat Mater*," were the attractions at the last concert of this society, given on Wednesday evening. Mr. Martin does his best to minister to the gratification of his supporters, by engaging the most eminent vocal talent available, and, independently of the works above mentioned, there is no doubt that the names of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Sims Reeves did their share towards bringing together one of the largest audiences that ever assembled in Exeter Hall, which in point of size, ugliness, and inconvenience, may surely lay claim to the bad pre-eminence of being the first (and, let us hope, the last) in the world. A better answer to those who say that the English are not a music-loving people could hardly be found than in the fact that the public willingly submit to any amount of discomfort and danger for the sake of gratifying their love of sweet sounds.

Each hearing of the "*Hymn of Praise*," makes one the more deeply regret that Mendelssohn did not live to complete that glorious trilogy of works he had projected under the title of "*Sinfonia Cantata*," and of which the *Lobgesang* (first given to the English public at the Birmingham festival of 1840) is the sole example. The magnificent introductory symphony was listened to with evident delight, and frequent applause testified to the enjoyment which the entire work afforded. There is but little for the soprano to do, but what there was could not possibly have been entrusted to better hands than those of Miss Louisa Pyne; while the tenor part has become so identified with Mr. Sims Reeves, that he may be almost said to have made it his own. The famous "Watchman" solo did not fail to create its usual effect, and but for its fortunate context with the succeeding chorus, would doubtless have been encored, as was the duet "I waited for the Lord," the collective efforts of Mr. Martin's choir falling somewhat short in more than one instance where the elaborate intricacy of the parts might well puzzle singers of much more mature experience. Let them not, however, be discouraged: the Sacred Harmonic Society (which has been in existence almost as many years as the National Choral Society has months), can only point to their achievements of comparatively recent date as being anywhere near that perfection which can alone be attained by diligent study and constant practice under a skilled conductor.

The quartet of soloists in the "*Stabat Mater*," in addition to the two ladies already named, combined the services of Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Lewis Thomas, the latter making his first appearance at Exeter Hall since his recent severe domestic bereavement, and singing in a manner quite worthy of his justly earned reputation; Mr. Cooper giving the "*Cujus Animam*" with his accustomed ease and intelligence. The next performance (the last of this season) will be on Tuesday, March 28th, not the 29th as previously announced.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

The 127th anniversary festival of this excellent charity was held on Wednesday in Freemason's Hall, under unusually brilliant auspices. The knowledge that the president of the day would be his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and that among other distinguished guests would be the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, attracted a great many amateurs; and probably a more numerous company never sat down to the annual dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians. The Duke performed the duties of his post—a post which had on several occasions been filled by that staunch patron of music, his late father—to the thorough satisfaction of every one. The speeches with which he prefaced the customary loyal and patriotic toasts, while brief, were so much to the purpose that their brevity can by no means be cited as their chief recommendation. That which introduced "The Army, the Navy, and the Volunteers," was especially effective. The toast of the evening—"Prosperity to the Royal Society of Musicians"—drew forth remarks from his Royal Highness which showed him not only thoroughly conversant with his subject, but taking a real interest in the progress which musical taste is making in this country. The speech was repeatedly interrupted by applause; and the final appeal to the liberality of the visitors—ingeniously worded so as to convey that the larger the donation the greater the personal compliment to himself—was received *cum grano salis*, and unanimously cheered. The task of proposing "The President of the Day" fell to Mr. Gladstone, who, in the course of his speech, talked about music, its influence, and its position among the "great sister arts" with an earnestness and eloquence which proved it to be his favourite topic. He pleaded for the social status of musicians, and explained the reason why the taste of music had of recent years so materially advanced among us, in language as felicitous as the argument was

sound. Rarely has a postprandial oration been listened to with more rapt attention, or applauded more frequently and with greater enthusiasm. The toast was drunk with musical honours. There were other good speeches—Sir Richard Airey, in returning thanks for "The Army," Colonel M'Murdo for "The Volunteers," and Sir George Clerk for "The Patrons of the Society," all doing ample justice to the toasts, and all having something to say which it was more or less interesting to hear. Under the circumstances, the musical part of the proceedings became of secondary importance. It was varied and excellent, nevertheless. "Non nobis, Domine" was, as from time immemorial, sung for grace after dinner, and the National Anthem (solo by Madame Parepa) after the toast of "Her Majesty the Queen." A glee by Horsley; a part-song by J. L. Hatton; a sextet by Bishop; a madrigal by Beale; songs by Madame Parepa, Miss Whytock, and Mr. Donald King; a *fantasia* on the pianoforte by Mr. W. G. Cusins; and a *polonaise* by May-seder, performed on the violin by Herr Ludwig Straus, (accompanied on the piano by Mr. C. Stephens), were comprised in the printed programme, and, with one or two exceptions, were all forthcoming. The donations were liberal, we believe, without precedent, headed by 20 guineas each from the Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Gladstone, 50 guineas from Messrs Broadwood and Sons (17th donation), 50l. from Messrs. Collard and Collard, 50l. from Messrs R. Cocks and Co., 10 guineas each from the Western Madrigal Society, Sir George Clerk, Messrs. Chappell, Ashdown and Parry, Nutting and Addison, J. Ella, G. W. Martin, Addison and Lucas, Miss Gotobed; 5 guineas each from Professor Bennett, M. Benedict, Mr. Robert Bowley, &c., and amounting altogether to upwards of 500l. The annual performance of *The Messiah*, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, is announced for Friday evening, May 5.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The following is the Balance Sheet for the Year 1864 (from the Annual Report):—

the Annual Report.

Receipts.

1864, Jan. 1, to Dec. 31.

	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand . . .	44	17	3
" Subscriptions for 1864, as under—			
135 Fellows, 608 Associates, 616 Lady Associates, 36 Nominated Annual Subscribers & 1 Subscriber to Series of Concerts . . .	1358	14	0
" Sale of Concert Tickets . . .	58	18	0
" 580 Reserved Seats . . .	304	10	0
" " 6 Duplicates . . .	1	10	0

£1768 9 3

Expenditure.

1864, Jan. 1, to Dec. 31.

	£	s.	d.
By Payments			
" Printing, Stationery, &c.	41	9	7
" Miscellaneous Expenses . . .	46	1	2
" Advertising . . .	15	9	6
" Postage . . .	22	11	7
" Rent of Offices . . .	50	0	0
" Cramer & Co. . . .	20	0	0
" Four Orchestral Concerts . . .	944	14	8
" Two Soirées . . .	158	17	2
" Choral Practice . . .	40	9	6
" Library Expenses . . .	35	0	7
" Two Orchestral Trials of New Compositions . . .	217	5	1
" Purchase of £62 : 4 : 0 India 5 per Cent Stock . . .	65	0	0
	1656	18	10
" Balance in hands of Treas- urer for 1865 . . .	111	10	5
	£1768	9	3

We have examined the Books of the Society and the Vouchers, and we certify that this Balance Sheet agrees therewith, and that the same is correct. Dated this 12th day of January, 1865.

JOHN T. BEDFORD, } Auditors.
JOHN R. DUGGAN, }

Signed by Order of the Council in pursuance of General Law 38, 4th January, 1865.

{ EDWARD JAMES.
{ FRANK MORI.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD.—At the third and fifth concerts of the "Beethoven Society," held recently in Willis's Rooms, the pianist was Mme. Alice Mangold, whose classical taste and brilliant execution we have frequently admired. Her performance of a *fantasia* by Chopin was perfect, while her execution of a *sarabande* and *gavotte* by J. S. Bach caused them to be re-demanded unanimously, when the clever young artist, in lieu thereof, gave an etude by Chopin.—*Press*.

Mlle. ADELINA PATTI has left Paris for Madrid.

Mrs. VINCENT WALLACE.—Accounts from Paris as to the state of our eminent composer's health are still more and more reassuring. It is now confidently hoped that Mr. Wallace is on the road to convalescence.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The first day-concert took place on Saturday. It was a complete success. The hall was crowded with a brilliant audience. The programme comprised the Rasoumoffsky quartet in C, which MM. Joachim, L. Ries, H. Webb and Piatti had already played on the Monday previous; the *Pastoral sonata* (pianist Mr. Hallé), and the great trio in B flat, Op. 97 (MM. Hallé, Joachim and Piatti)—all Beethoven. The songs were "In my wild mountain valley" (Benedict), and "Name the glad day" (Dussek); the singer was Miss Banks. The concert was thoroughly enjoyed, although by an audience "fashionable" to a toilet, and amid crinoline and flounces interminable.

The concert on Monday night (the 166th), brought another crowded room and another triumph for Joachim—a triumph in which, we need scarcely add, Piatti shared. This time we had two quartets. The first was Mendelssohn's in A minor, his first composed, though second published—one, too, that he loved, as a letter to his father shows. This was superbly played. True the *violino secondo*, over anxious, came in too soon, at the *replique* of the *trio*, in the *scherzo*; but then little H. Webb marked the holding notes in the *alto* part so cunningly, that it was speedily forgotten, and the whole performance was keenly relished. The other quartet was Haydn's fine one, in D minor:—

Allegro.



—heard now for the fourth time, and with increased satisfaction and delight. This is one of Joachim's favorites. The pianoforte sonata was Beethoven's in D, No. 10, with the grand *adagio* (pianist Mr. Hallé); the songs were Mozart's fragrant "Violet" and Benedict's charming "Maiden's dream" (singer Miss Banks.) At both concerts Mr. Benedict accompanied the songs—a consolation and a comfort to the singer!

At the second morning concert (to-day), Madame Arabella Goddard is to play *Les Adieux* of Beethoven; at the evening concert on Monday (the 168th), we are promised (for the first time) a quartet by Schumann (the one in A minor.)

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD AT DUNDEE.

(From the Dundee Advertiser, March 11).

The Dundee public have now been privileged to hear the three greatest living pianists—to wit, S. Thalberg, Chas. Hallé, and Arabella Goddard; and, if we may accept the general verdict of the audience of last night, which included all those most capable of judging, the best has come last. To speak critically of Madame Goddard is simply out of the question—one cannot listen to her in critical mood; and to make comparisons between her and the other two is equally impossible, as each has a *specialité*. Along with Thalberg's dash and brilliancy, she has Hallé's smooth chastity of style, and, superadded, a feminine delicacy of expression that neither of the others possesses; and we feel quite at liberty to second the opinion of the leading musical papers, that she is the pianist of the day. The programme was a perfect model, and was remarkable for its comprehensiveness and purity from clap-trap. It was certainly not framed to draw the "mob;" but an artist like Madame Goddard has a higher mission than to pander to popular taste, and that an audience so numerous even can be drawn out to listen to classical music alone is evidence of the advances that have been made in musical culture in Dundee within the past few years. The following was the programme:

PART I.—Grand Sonata, "No Plus Ultra"—Woelfl; Prelude and Fugue in C sharp major—J. S. Bach; Suite de Pièces (No. 5)—Handel.

PART II.—Grand Sonata in G major, No. 1, Op. 31—Beethoven; Fantasia, "Where the bee sucks" (by desire)—Benedict; Sonata in A major—Mozart.

In Woelfl's "Grand Sonata," which was performed for the first time in Dundee, Madame Goddard displayed, to commence with, the perfection of manipulation. The selection of this most difficult work as a commencement to the concert was a piece of daring which very few pianoforte players would have ventured upon; but its triumphant execution by Madame Goddard showed that she was thoroughly mistress of her art. Bach's vivace prelude and allegro fugue in C sharp major—quaint but scholastic composition—was rendered with equal facility; and in the Suite de Pièces, which consisted of four movements, the breadth of treatment exhibited by her was such as could

only have been expected from genius of the highest order. It is not that Madame Goddard is simply an exquisite pianoforte player, but her playing is characterised even by creative genius: for to render such elaborate works in so perfect a style requires a mind akin to that which composed them. It is needless to say that the variations on the "Harmonious Blacksmith" were inimitable. They were of course loudly applauded. In the second part, Benedict's fantasia on "Where the bee sucks" was perfection itself. The light, fairy-like touch of the accomplished performer seemed at times to transform the sounds from the piano into the resemblance of those from a nightingale warbling the air; and with this piece the audience were so delighted that a rapturous encore was demanded. In reply to this she gave Thalberg's arrangement of "The Last Rose of Summer" in a style which only the arranger himself could hope to rival. Mozart's Sonata in A major concluded the performances; and in the last movement especially the effect produced was almost electrical. Altogether, the recital—which was under the auspices of Mr. Simpson, music-seller—was, in our opinion, the best of its kind which has ever taken place in Dundee; and we hope that it will not be long before Madame Goddard again favors the people of Dundee with her presence for an evening.

(From the Dundee Courier.)

Madame Arabella Goddard gave a pianoforte recital last night, in the Exchange Rooms, Castle Street. The hall was filled by a large and fashionable audience. When the pianist, of whom we have all heard so much, appeared, the audience gave her a most hearty welcome, and throughout the entertainment each piece was warmly acknowledged. The programme, as we have already announced, was a most classical one, being composed, except in one instance, from the works of the most distinguished masters of bygone days. Of Madame Goddard's rendering of these works it is very difficult for us to speak in terms of adequate praise; for, after we had exhausted the stereotyped vocabulary of the critic concerning her lightness of touch, dexterity of fingering, and exquisite distribution of light and shade, there would still remain something to be said of the charm she continues to throw over her audience by the calmness of her manner. In the midst of the most rapid passages her attitude is characterised by the greatest repose.

If we might dwell on one beauty more than another of this gifted pianist, we would single out the tender softness of her piano passages, which fall on the ear like the gentle murmur of a lute. In the "Harmonious Blacksmith," the air and the elaborate variations were given with a graceful art that fairly carried away the feelings of the audience, and produced warm plaudits that continued for some time after the performer had left the platform. The "Sonata by Beethoven" is one that demands poetic feeling, varied expression, and great facility of execution, and all these requisites were supplied by Madame Goddard to the satisfaction of the most fastidious critic. Benedict's elaborate fantasia on Dr. Arne's beautiful melody, "Where the bee sucks," called forth an encore, to which the performer responded by playing the "Last Rose of Summer." The entertainment, as a whole, was only what might have been expected by those who have watched the performances of Madame Goddard at the London Monday Popular Concerts. That expectation was a very high one; and, having now been fully realised, the public of Dundee must feel highly indebted to Mr. Simpson for the treat. Pianoforte recitals are now among the stock features of our higher class amusements; and we hope, therefore, that last night's appearance is the precursor of many.

NAPLES.—Verdi has declined the directorship of the Conservatoire of Naples, offered to him by Mercadanti, the present director, who is incapacitated by blindness from continuing to hold the post.

ROME.—Liszt, the renowned pianist, is in the Imperial city, delighting the public by his performances, and greedily sought for as a teacher by the ladies of the aristocracy. The Romans, who are wags in their way, say that he has become so furious a Papist (*papalino furioso*) that he has set the Encyclical letter of His Holiness to music.

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ing for Medium Voice	- 10	6
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tone or Bass	- 6	0
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1. When our noble Count comes back.
2. Chorus of Ladies.
3. The merry bells shall ring.
4. To a far distant past.
5. Arab Song.
6. When Lara marched. (Drinking song.)

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MISS EMILY SOLDENE.

OPINIONS OF THE LONDON PRESS.

"Another feature of the concert was the second act of Verdi's *Troatore* given with costumes and scenic adjuncts, which introduced, for the first time on any stage, Miss Emily Soldene, Mr. Howard Glover's talented pupil, in the character of Azucena. It is difficult for a debutante to exhibit her talents to the best advantage at a first appearance; and yet, in the presence of a highly-discriminating audience, Miss Soldene came off with flying colours, and left little doubt that she is destined to occupy a very high position on the lyric boards. Miss Soldene's voice is a mezzo soprano, of fine quality, and moreover, has the true dramatic ring in it, which few mere concert-room singers in this country can boast of. Miss Soldene, too, is an excellent musician, and has been trained with the greatest care in the best school—the Italian school—the knowledge of which Mr. Howard Glover, her master, obtained in Italy, where he resided and studied for several years. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that Miss Soldene enunciates and pronounces in the most desirable manner, and that her method is free from almost all faults with which English singers are justly charged. It is not to be expected that the young aspirant for public honours would reach perfection on the occasion of her first attempt; but while close scrutiny could not fail to detect certain deficiencies in Miss Soldene's performance there was so large an amount of intelligence in what she sang and acted, so full a measure of meaning in her look and motion, that all but the most sceptical must have felt that an artistic nature quite *hors ligne* was before them. In short, we have to congratulate Miss Soldene upon a very remarkable first appearance, the brilliant success of which, we have no doubt, will stimulate her to further exertions."—*Morning Post*, January 10th, 1865.

"It derived a special interest from the debut of Miss Emily Soldene, Mr. Glover's pupil, who made her first appearance on any stage. She performed in character along with Mr. Swift, the scene in the second act of the *Troatore*, between Azucena and Manrico, in which the gipsy woman reveals her terrible story. Miss Soldene made a sensible impression as an actress and a singer. Tall, handsome, and with striking features, her personation of the gipsy was complete; and when she had got over the nervousness attending a first appearance her action was surprisingly energetic and impassioned. It was, at times, somewhat violent and exaggerated; but this is a fault we are ready to excuse in a young performer, when it is the impulse of feeling not yet sufficiently subdued by the lessons of artistic experience. Her singing is still better than her acting. She has a superb contralto voice, full, mellow, and perfect in intonation. Her vocal declamation is clear and expressive, and her whole method is evidently the result of skilful instruction and well-directed study. Her reception was enthusiastic, the conclusion she was called before the curtain, and greeted with renewed acclamations."—*Daily News*, January 10th, 1865.

"The great feature of the concert was, however, the introduction to the public of Miss Emily Soldene, a pupil of Mr. Glover's, in the arduous and trying character of Azucena. This lady, ably supported by Mr. Swift as Manrico, made a strong impression upon the audience by her great and unquestionable dramatic powers, and forcible rendering of a strong passion, both in look and gesture. Her voice, though rather limited in range and deficient of that ringing and penetrative quality which seems essential to a first-rate vocalist, has very great sweetness of tone, and has evidently been so carefully trained that she has perfect command over it. In a smaller house than Drury Lane we can imagine that Miss Soldene's style of acting would produce even a greater impression than it did yesterday, when, at the fall of the curtain, she was recalled amidst as hearty, genuine, and enthusiastic demonstrations of applause as ever greeted a debutante."—*Morning Advertiser*, January 10, 1865.

"Another interesting feature was the first appearance on the stage of Miss Emily Soldene, Mr. Glover's gifted and clever pupil, of whose talents we have spoken on more than one occasion in terms of no measured praise. Miss Soldene has one of the finest contralto voices that can now be heard, and she sings with a thorough knowledge of vocalisation. Few young singers, indeed, can boast of the same amount of musical acquirement, an acquirement without which no one can ever become a great artist. Of course Miss Soldene is new to the stage, but that she had studied acting everybody must have felt who saw her on Monday, and that she possesses the true dramatic instinct, no one can doubt for a moment. The character selected by this young aspirant for her preparatory stage essay, is, to our thinking, an unusually difficult one, being no other than Azucena in the *Troatore*, a part which many have attempted, and in which very few have succeeded. The second act only was given, but this involved nearly all the best music of the old gipsy, as our readers cannot fail to remember. Without entering into particulars we may say that a more remarkable debut, as a dramatic singer, than that of Miss Emily Soldene on Monday, at Drury Lane, we cannot recall. The young lady pleased and surprised all who heard and saw her. The duet with Manrico (Mr. Swift), 'Ma nell' alma dell' ingrato,' was unanimously re-demanded, and Miss Soldene was summoned before the footlights with great enthusiasm twice at the conclusion."—*Standard*, January 13th, 1865.

"It afforded an opportunity for the first appearance on the lyric stage of Miss Emily Soldene, a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, whose voice had been previously heard at these concerts, but who had never before attempted a dramatic impersonation. She appeared as Azucena in the scene with Manrico in the second act of the *Troatore*, and may be congratulated upon having made a most successful debut as an operatic singer. She possesses very considerable personal advantages, and to these are allied obvious dramatic instinct and vocal skill. Her rendering of the music was irreproachable; her rich contralto voice is an organ such as few contemporary singers possess; her intonation is faultless; her executive powers are considerable, and the pure Italian quality of her style reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Howard Glover's careful and skilful tuition. Her dramatic delineation of the gipsy was full of points of excellence; her acting needs a little of that toning down which practice and experience can alone effect, but it is evident that she will hold a very prominent rank among lyric artists. Miss Emily Soldene was called for at the end of the scene and greeted with very hearty applause, and there could be no question that her success was complete and most deserved."—*Morning Star*, January 11th, 1865.

The matinee, however, was marked by a debut which deserves some special notice. It is so seldom, indeed, that we find histrionic talent in our English vocalists, that we are bound to call attention to every instance in which a young singer evinces any capacity for acting. That Miss Emily Soldene, a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, has dramatic stage capability of a high order, was abundantly manifested in the long scene

from *Il Troatore*, in which she, on this occasion, made her first appearance on any stage. That she possesses too, the physical advantages of a handsome face, and tall, well-proportioned figure, was sufficiently perceptible through the dusky disguise of Azucena. In voice she is almost equally well-gifted, and she has evidently been carefully trained."—*Daily Telegraph*, January 14th, 1865.

"Its most interesting feature was the debut of Mr. Glover's pupil, Miss Emily Soldene, who performed, along with Mr. Swift, the scene in the second act of the *Troatore* between Azucena and Manrico. In this scene, which affords great scope for impassioned acting as well as vocal power, Miss Soldene made a strong impression on the audience. She has a fine contralto voice, sings like an accomplished musician, and promises to become a lyrical tragedian of the first class."—*Illustrated London News*, January 14th, 1865.

"The great feature, however, of the entertainment was its opening portion, consisting of the second act of the *Troatore*, and the marked impression that was made in it by the debutante, Miss Emily Soldene. We have never witnessed a first appearance that was more eminently successful. In one respect, indeed, it was quite unique in our experience. Such entire self-possession and perfect command of all resources we have never before seen in a novice. Years of the severest application and of the most flattering success have failed to give many a singer and actress the great advantage which this young lady starts with. There was no difficulty, therefore, in accurately judging of her claims. We may say, without reserve, that she is marked by two distinctions. She possesses, in the first place, a very pleasing voice—a rather light mezzo-soprano—very full and agreeable in quality, if not remarkable for range—and she enjoys, in the next place, and still more notably, an unusual amount of dramatic power. Indeed, her qualification in this respect is quite as striking and as extraordinary as that of her self-possession. In depth of feeling and force of expression she has some of the highest attributes of a tragic lyric artist, and certainly to an immeasurable extent beyond anything we have seen in an English singer for many years. What imagination she possesses we could only judge from an entire performance. Her vocal method, as well as her general state of efficiency, we need not say, are sufficiently vouched for by the reputation of her master. We are inclined, therefore, to augur highly of this young lady's future efforts. Certainly, if her development vocally and dramatically bears any relation to her outset, not only Mr. Glover, but our lyric stage, is to be congratulated on her first appearance."—*Weekly Dispatch*, January 15th, 1865.

"We have great pleasure in recording the complete success of Miss Emily Soldene who made her first appearance on any stage as Azucena, in the second act of *Il Troatore*. In the first place, while sincerely congratulating the young lady herself, upon the uncommon dramatic intelligence she possesses, a just tribute must be paid to Mr. Howard Glover, under whose able tuition Miss Soldene has been so well prepared for her future career, and by whom her talent has been so satisfactorily developed. The young debutante's exertions were received with loud applause, and her entrance into public life was an unusually promising one."—*Era*, Jan. 15, 1865.

"There were two special features in the programme, the one was the duet in character from the *Troatore*, sang by Miss Emily Soldene (Azucena), and Mr. Swift (Manrico). The new contralto revealed a dramatic instinct and power which bids fair to place in a very high position in the lyric world. She is a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, who has reason to be as proud of her debut as the audience were evidently struck with her capabilities for the operatic stage."—*The Queen and Lady's Newspaper*, January 14th, 1865.

"Among so many established celebrities were some performers almost unknown to fame, but whose merits, for that very reason, need some description and encouraging praise. Foremost of these was Miss Emily Soldene, whose nature has been gifted with a rich and beautiful voice. Ranging from E natural to the treble lines to B natural above them, it embraces the best registers of both contralto and soprano, and better still, is evenly good throughout; and Miss Emily Soldene's voice is not only voluminous in quality, but, what is very rare, with such organs, flexible into the bargain, a voice in short quite *hors ligne*. The lady is, moreover, endowed with great musical sensibility, and strong feeling for dramatic expression. With such advantages, it will be strange indeed if she achieve not, presently, the highest eminence as a singer; though there may still be much (Miss Soldene is very young) for careful industry to accomplish.

On the present occasion, although she appeared very late in the programme, her fresh and lovely voice made a marked impression in Meyerbeer's *Noti Signor*; while a very florid cadence at the end, extending over two octaves, showed that she had already considerable mechanical skill no less than great physical means. Miss Emily Soldene, who was materially aided by the masterly accompaniment of Mr. Benedetti, was loudly applauded at the termination of her charming performance."—*Morning Post*, June 11th, 1864.

"Miss Emily Soldene, who is a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, sang 'Non piu mesta' so charmingly that she was enthusiastically recalled. She has a fresh and delightful voice and considerable executive power, and her style clearly shows that she is an artist from whom much may be looked for in the future."—*Morning Star*, Oct., 1864.

"Miss Emily Soldene (who is, we learn, a pupil of Mr. Glover's) is a young performer of very great merit, and gives promise of distinguished excellence. She sang the finale of the *Cenerentola*, 'Non piu mesta,' with a beauty of voice and brilliancy of execution which produced a general call for its repetition—a call which she modestly refrained from complying with."—*Daily News*, October, 1864.

"Molière's 'O that my woes,' was sung by Mr. H. Glover's clever pupil, Miss Emily Soldene."—*The Times*, June, 1864.

"The second act of the *Troatore* was repeated in consequence of the very great effect Miss Emily Soldene produced as Azucena at the last concert, and the unqualified praise bestowed upon her by the Press. This time Mr. D. Miranda, not Mr. Swift, was Manrico. From Miss Soldene's second performance we can more confidently predict that, with extreme attention to her studies and a deaf ear turned to the flattering of friends, a high position awaits her on the lyric stage. She has voice, style, musical feeling, and dramatic expression, and apparently the power—rare in a novice—of concentrating attention to her business on the boards. Fortunately she cannot be placed in the hands of a better instructor than Mr. Howard Glover."—*Musical World*, Feb. 4, 1865.

All applications respecting engagements for Operas, Oratorios, or Concerts, to be addressed to Mr. HOWARD GLOVER, at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON'S Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.